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01x22 - Full Circle

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **07/06/01 06:33**

[Open on Brian moaning, etc whilehaving sex with a whole bunch of different guys. While wesee this, little squares with Michael, Justin, Emmett,Ted, Melanie and Lindsay all sporadically pop up on thescreen, Brady Bunch style, while they all talk on thephone to each other]

Michael: Has anybody heard from Brian? I've been tryin'to reach him all day.

Justin: Me, too. And he hasn't returned any of my calls.

Lindsay: I hope he's all right.

Emmett: I wonder how the condemned man's spending hisfinal hours.

Ted: Doing penance?

Melanie: Doing drugs.

Michael: Doing as many guys as he can?

All: Bingo!

Lindsay: Maybe we shouldn't go through with this. He madeit clear he doesn't want to be reminded.

Justin: We're not even supposed to mention it.

Michael: It could get ugly. Really ugly.

Ted: Still, it is an event of historic proportion. Like,the moon landing or the fall of communism.

Melanie: It is our duty as friends to commemorate it...

Emmett: And make sure he remembers it...always. (Lindsaychuckles)

[Brianfinishes and falls to the bed. When he comes to, thewhole g*ng is there]

Michael: Briiiiii-an!

Justin: Hello in there!

Lindsay: Wake up sleepy head.

Brian: What are you...doing here?

Melanie: (gasp) You mean you haven't heard?

Emmett: It's the last day of the rest of your life.

Brian: Did I die?

Ted: No. But you'll wish you had. You're thirty.

[All of them start laughing evily. Justin crawls on topof his naked body]

Brian: Go away!

Justin: Sorry, grandpa.

Brian: (pushing Justin off) I said, go away!

Justin: No such luck.

Brian: Oh. (Brian tries to roll away but everyone goesafter him, trying to get him)

Emmett: Grab him!

Michael: Careful, he bites.

Melanie: (throwing clothes to Lindsay) Gucci, Prada,Armani.

Brian: (fighting everyone) No!

Melanie: Jesus, what a label queen.

Lindsay: Upsy-daisy!

Brian: Leave it alone!

Ted: Believe me, Brian, this is gonna hurt you a lot morethan it's gonna hurt us. Now get him!

[Michael puts a blindfold on Brian's eyes while everyonetries to dress him. Brian starts laughing and then startsscreaming, while everyone else starts laughing]

[Cut to a fully clothed Brian,while still blindfolded, as Michael and Justin lead himto a room. Michael takes off the blindfold while Justintakes off Brian's jacket. We see a coffin, flowers and atombstone cake. Ted hands him a piece of paper]

Brian: What is this?

Ted: You're official membership to the Dead f*gg*t'sSociety.

Brian: Who are you, the f*cking founding father?

Ted: Oh, you know, you really are gonna have to get somenew material. Now that you are...one of us.

[Michael and Ted put their heads together, smiling.Melanie and Lindsay are about to cut the cake

whileEmmett ties some black balloons to the back of Brian'sjeans]

Michael: Wait, shouldn't he make a wish first?

Emmett: Oh, hon...he already has. (chuckles) He's stillthirty.

Melanie: All right, who wants some death-day cake?Death-day cake? Death-day cake?

Justin: I'll have some. Since I won't have to deal withthe whole age issue for a long, long time.

Michael: It's not so bad. You forget about it, you go on.(he starts leading Brian to the rest of the g*ng)

Ted: Especially when you consider the alternative. (hefluffs a pillow in the coffin)

Melanie: (holding out a piece of cake) Think of all thefun you're gonna have. Going to New York, partying withthe big boys.

Emmett: You've only just begun to f*ck.

Brian: I'm not going to New York.

Justin: What?

Melanie: Huh?

Brian: I said I'm not...(grabs the balloons followinghim) I'm not going to New York.

Ted: What's the matter, you can't get a ticket?

Melanie: That-that-that's crazy.

Brian: The job fell through.

(Everyone is silent)

Michael: Why the f*ck didn't you tell me?

Brian: What difference does it make? You've got yourplans with David.

Michael: I know, but...

Brian: It's no big deal. (fake smiles)

Justin: No big deal? It's all you've been talking about.Leaving, not looking back.

Lindsay: You even put your loft on the market.

Brian: Well, I can just take it off the market. (throwsTed the paper he gave him when he first got there)Anyway, it doesn't matter, I'm already dead.

[He climbs into the coffin and pops a balloon, whichscares Melanie and makes her scream]

[Michael walks into his andDavid's place where there are boxes everywhere]

Mover: Okay, stuff marked "P", where's that go?

David: (sitting at a table) All boxes marked with"P" go to Portland. "S," storage.Hey, Michael!

Michael: You didn't tell me the moving men were comingtoday.

David: Oh, I thought I did. (to mover) That's one'sstorage. Okay?

Michael: (starting to go upstairs) I better finishedpackin' my stuff.

David: No, it's okay. I did it.

Michael: But I don't know...I don't know what's an"S" and a-and what's a "P."

David: Captain Astro, robots, comic books are a"P." Clothes, video equipment...oh, and youshould give this to your friends and your mother. (handsMichael a piece of paper) That's our new address.

Michael: New address? (follows David to the table) Whendid we-when did we get a place?

David: I rented a house. On the internet.

Michael: Why didn't you tell me?

David: Well, there just wasn't time. I mean, we wouldhave lost it. You're gonna love the place. It's got anatrium, a pool.

Michael: Sounds great. Um...look, I'm gonna go pick upthe tickets.

David: Nope, don't have to. (holds them up) I did it.

Michael: Oh. Oh. Well, okay. Well, then, I'm gonna callTed, he was gonna give us a ride to the airport.

David: (holds up another piece of paper) No need. Ibooked a car.

Michael: Is there anything I can do?

David: (exhales) Uh, yeah, you can...stand there and lookgorgeous. (starts walking to him) Which you do sobeautifully. (he looks around and then kisses Michael)Isn't it great to be in love with a guy who doeseverything?

[he walks off]

Michael: Yeah, um...so I guess I'll just go to the beautyparlor and get my nails done.

[Ted and Emmett are at Melanie'soffice, waiting to talk to her]

Melanie: (to secretary) When Bender calls from the ACLU,put him right through. (Ted and Emmett walk up to her)Well, this day's just full of surprises.

[she starts walking and motions for them to follow her]

Melanie: Is this a fun visit, or do you two need a goodlawyer?

Emmett: Well, what we need is a good lunch.

Ted: (chuckles) We thought we'd take Blake out. I mean,if you can spare him.

Melanie: Well, I'd be happy to if he was here. He hasn'tcome in today.

[Emmett looks at Ted]

Ted: Oh...that's right. I-I forgot. That he-he mentionedthis morning he wasn't feeling well. He, uh, yeah, I-Ithink he's got the flu...or something, and, uh, h-hedidn't want to share his germs with anyone.

Melanie: Well, that's thoughtful, but frankly Teddy, thisisn't the first time. And when he is here, he's slow andhe doesn't complete tasks we assign him. The otherpartners are pissed. They want him gone.

Secretary: Melanie, line one.

Ted: Well, I-I'll talk to him. I-I don't know...

Melanie: (picks up phone. To Emmett and Ted:) Oh, that'smy call. Excuse me, guys. (on phone) Yes, hi. This isMelanie Marcus.

[Emmett and Ted start walking towards the exit]

Ted: Don't say anything.

Emmett: Me? Oh, I wouldn't dream of it. Except it's nothis germs he didn't want to share. It's his drugs.

Ted: Thank you for not saying anything. Why do you alwayshave to be so f*cking cynical?

Emmett: I'm not cynical. But, you know what? I'd ratherbe f*cking cynical than in f*cking denial.

Ted: (clears throat) Well, he has a cold and a sorethroat accompanied by the aches and pains of fever andcongestion. If the symptoms persist, we'll consult aphysician. Now, let's go to the Shrimp Boat.

[They leave]

[At Debbie's house. Debbie,Jennifer and Vic are putting together some letters.Jennifer puts them in the envelopes, Debbie seals themand Vic puts the stamp on]

Deb: You'll love the barbeque, Jen. It's a P-FLAGtradition.

Vic: Debbie started it.

Deb: Well, there's so many serious issues to deal with, Ijust thought it was a nice way to have fun with yourkids.

Jen: I'm looking forward to it. I'm not that sure howeager Justin's gonna be.

Deb: I'll work on him.

Vic: They've got everything on stamps these days.Composers, birds, even the Three Stooges. So when arethey gonna have "Famous f*gs"?

[All three of them laugh]

Deb: You can be on the sixty-nine cent stamp, honey.

[They laugh some more and Justin walks in]

Justin: Hey, mom.

Deb and Jen: Hi! (they laugh)

Deb: You're goin' with your mom to the P-FLAG barbequeand I don't wanna hear another word about it.

Justin: Okay.

[he kisses Jen on the side of her forehead as she looksat Deb]

Deb: How do you think I got Michael to go all thoseyears? (chuckles) This is the first one's he's going tohave missed since he was eighteen.

Vic: Well, at least he's where he belongs. With the manhe loves.

Deb: On the opposite side of the g*dd*mn world.

Justin: Look at it this way Deb: you've had him all thistime.

Deb: Listen to him.

Jen: Tell you what...we can share Justin.

Deb: Pretty soon he'll be gone, too. Graduation's comin'up...the prom.

Vic: The prom. I went with Connie Costello. (Deb laughs)Two hundred pounds wrapped in purple satin. She was likea stuffed grape leaf. (Deb and Jen laugh) Of course, Icouldn't take who I really wanted to.

Deb: Lance Rocco!

Vic: Lance Rocco. Pisser of a kisser. (Justin smiles) Iwound up dancing with Connie. He wound up not going atall.

Justin: Yeah, I'm not going either.

Jen: Why not?

Justin: Like Vic said, it's for straight kids.

Jen: I think prom's for everyone, straight or g*y.

Deb: That's right! It's one of those-those growing upexperiences, you know? What in the hell do they

call it?Uh...

Vic: Rites of passage.

Deb: That's it! It's like-like losing your virginityor-or-or-or getting your drivers license.

Jen: I'd just hate to see you deprive yourself of theexperience because you think you don't belong.

[Ted's condo. He's sitting on thecouch, listening to opera. Blake walks in and Ted turnsthe music off]

Blake: Hey, Teddy. [he taking his shoes off]

Ted: Where've you been?

Blake: (laughs) Out. (takes his jacket off)

Ted: How you feelin'?

Blake: Great. [takes his shirt off]

Ted: Then why weren't you at work?

[Blake goes into the kitchen to get some water]

Ted: Stopped by to take you out to lunch and Melanie saidyou'd called in sick.

Blake: (drinking the water) Hm-mmm. Hmm! Yeah, I had,uh...one of those twenty-four hour bug things, but...I'mfeeling a lot better now. (takes another sip)

Ted: Well, you better not miss any more days because theymight...

[Blake spills some water on his chest and is fascinatedby it. Ted chuckles and Blake accidentally drops thewater bottle. He goes to Ted]

Blake: Don't worry. I'll be there... (kisses him) allbright-eyed and bushy-tailed ...(kisses him again) firstthing in the morning. (They start making out) Promise.

Ted: Good. (Blake gets up) You know, 'causeyou-you-you-you're doing-you're doing so well. So reallywell. (Blake starts taking his pants off) I-I-I-I-I hateto see you...(stares at Blake)

Blake: f*ck me.

Ted: What?

Blake: I said, "f*ck me."

Ted: Blake, are-are-are you listening to me?

Blake: Are you listening to me? (He jumps on Ted, kissinghim, while Ted tries to resist)

Ted: What are you...what are you...

Blake: I...want you...to f*ck the sh*t out of me allnight long.

Ted: All right, stop it. (Blake is still trying to makeout with him) Stop it. Stop! (pushes him off) I said stopit!

Blake: I want it! Please? (panting) Come on.

(Blake takes Ted's pants off)

Blake: Give it to me. (takes his boxers off) Oh, yeah.Oh, yeah. (He starts to give Ted a blow-job, panting andmoaning)

[Cut to Babylon! Brian, Michaeland Emmett are at the bar ordering drinks)

Brian: Double Absolut.

Michael: Diet Pepsi.

Emmett: Grand Marnier Cosmo. Oh, my god.

Michael: What?

Emmett: This may be the last time we're ever standinghere at this bar, ordering drinks.

Brian: (chuckles) Is that all? I thought it was somethingserious.

Michael: Do you think they have a Babylon in Portland?

Brian: Do you think they have any q*eers in Portland?

Emmett: Well, there will be at least be two that we knowof.

Michael: (to Emmett) Well, you're going to come and visitme, won't you?

Brian: If you wanted visitors, you probably should havemoved to South Beach.

Emmett: Oh...Mikey. (Emmett gives him a hug) This mightbe the last time we see each other. I'm gonna miss you somuch. No. (lets go of him) No, I'm not gonna cry. AsMartha Stewart says, when life gets you down, have aparty. So that's what I'm going to do. I'm going to giveyou a party. Okay, we'll need a theme. We need a theme.Um...what the f*ck do they have in Portland?

Michael: Lumberjacks.

Brian: Oh, maybe I will come pay you a visit.

Emmett: Oh, my god! I've got it. Flannel. We'll all wearflannel.

Brian: Now that's perfect. And if you don't have any, youcan always borrow some from Lindsay and Melanie.

Emmett: There, I...I feel much better already. Oh, mygod. (starts sobbing) My life's going to be so empty.

Brian: You still have me. I'm not going anywhere.

Emmett: (sarcastic) Hurray! (he walks off)

[Brian looks briefly at Michael and starts walking theopposite direction of Emmett, Michael following him]

Michael: Brian. Brian! Brian, wait a second. [they stopon the staircase]

Brian: Go home and pack.

Michael: David's taken care of that. He's...taken care ofeverything.

Brian: What do you plan on doing when you get to fabulousPortland or are you gonna leave all that up to David,too?

Michael: I haven't had time to think about it. We've justbeen so busy. Leasing his house, and-and taking care ofhis practice and shipping his car.

Brian: f*ck "his"! What about"yours"? (they stand silent for a while) Youknow what, f*ck it. Do whatever you want.

[Brian walks away from Michael as we see Justin, walkingaround, obviously looking for someone. He pulls out hiscell phone and dials a number. Seconds later, Brian walksby, answering his phone. Justin shouts out to him]

Justin: He's far too young for you! [Brian puts his phoneup] Want to dance?

Brian: No, at my advanced years, I might fall and breakmy hip.

Justin: [grabbing Brian as he starts to walk away] Nahh,would you stop with the old age sh*t already? It's notlike you're forty. What are you doing on Friday night?

Brian: Friday, Friday, Friday. I don't know, myshort-term memory's not what it used to be, uh...

Justin: Do you want to come to my prom with me?

Brian: As what? Your chaperone?

Justin: As my date.

Brian: Huh. I'd love to...

Justin: Yeah?

Brian: But my prom dress is still in the dry cleaners.

Justin: Oh, come on!

Brian: Are you out of your mind? Go and ask some girl.

Justin: I don't wanna go with some girl. I wanna go withsomeone I care about. And it that happens to be a guy,who cares?

Brian: You know, that's just what I need. To be at adance with a bunch of f*cking eighteen-year- olds.

Justin: I thought you liked f*cking eighteen-year-olds.(he smiles)

Brian: Go buy a corsage...for someone else.

[Brian walks away]

[The diner. Emmett is sitting atthe counter, eating a doughnut with a fork and knife. Tedwalks in and sits next to him]

Emmett: Somebody looks all f*cked out.

Ted: (sighing) Somebody is.

Emmett: Somebody needs vitamins. (to waitress) Coffee,over here.

Waitress: Right up.

Ted: Blake and I had sex all night. (Emmett laughs) Got ahalf-hour's sleep.

Emmett: Okay, this is what we call a high-end problem.

Ted: Only it wasn't him I was f*cking. It was some drug.(silence) Don't look so g*dd*mn smug. You were right,okay. You happy?

Emmett: No, Teddy, I'm not happy. I'm sorry.

Ted: (starts crying) What the f*ck am I going to do?

Emmett: (exhales) Simple, honey. You're going to drinkyour coffee. Here's the cream. Then you're going to gohome...and you're going to change the locks.

Ted: Just shut him out like he doesn't exist?

Emmett: Well, that or you can keep lying to yourself. Youknow, making excuses for him, living in the state ofpanic every time he disappears, not knowing if he's aliveor dead. And then, when he finally shows up, a mess,having the supreme joy of putting him back togetheragain.

Ted: (shuddering) I-I-I-I can't. I-I-I-I can't do that. Ijust, I just...

Emmett: Okay. Okay. Okay. Then, um...then let's try doornumber two. Aunt Betty's B&B. He can, uh, he can jointhe long list of illustrious guests like Liz and Liza.Plus, uh...it'll be a good test...to see who he lovesmore. (Ted looks at him) You ...or crystal.

[At St. James. Chris pushesJustin up against the wall, making him drop all thisstuff and fall to the floor]

Chris: f*gg*t!

Justin: f*ck you, Hobbs!

[Hobbs walks away as Daphne walks up]

Daphne: You okay? (Justin starts picking up his things)What an as*h*le. (Daphne hands him a book)

Justin: Thank God I won't have to see him again for therest of my life.

[He stands up and they start walking]

Daphne: Yeah, or...anyone else here, either.

Justin: I wasn't talking about you. (the bell rings) So,are you going to the prom?

Daphne: (laughs) Are you kidding?

Justin: I know. I wasn't going to go either, but Deb saidit was this rite of passage and if I missed it, I wouldregret it for the rest of my life. So I asked Brain.

Daphne: No!

Justin: He turned me down, though. (they go outside)

Daphne: Oh, sh*t! Can you imagine? I mean, people's headswould have exploded.

Justin: I know! It would have been the perfect "f*ck and farewell" to St. James Academy. (he lights acigarette) I missed you, Daph.

Daphne: (smiling) You too.

Justin: So...(gives the cigarette to Daphne) how aboutyou and me going together?

Daphne: Like a date?

Justin: N...like friends. Best friends. Only...weirdnessover?

Daphne: Weirdness definitely over.

Justin: Okay. (Daphne giggles)

[At a department store, the men'ssection, Brian and Lindsay are there, Lindsay pushingGus, Brian looking at the clothes]

Lindsay: Ooooohhhhhh, I think that's so adorable that heasked you! Despite the somewhat questionable differencein your ages and the fact that emotionally he's twelveyears your senior.

Brian: Not going. Too old.

Lindsay: (being sarcastic) Oh, so you're thirty. I know,it's so traumatic. But it is something we all go through.If you're lucky enough to live that long. But to carryalong like it's the end of your life?

Brian: It is.

Lindsay: It's the beginning. A whole new way of thinkingabout yourself. Feeling a whole new sense of entitlementand accomplishment.

Brian: That's from the "La Jeunesse" anti-agingcommercial. I wrote that f*cking copy.

Lindsay: Oh...okay. Well, I guess I only quote from themasters. But it's the truth. I want wrinkles. I want tohave gray hair. I want Gus to make me a grandmother. Iwant to grow old with Melanie.

Brian: Do you want me to puke... right here? I don't wantgray hair and wrinkles. I don't want to be a grandfather.And I definitely don't wanna grow old with Melanie. Oranyone else. (He spots a white scarf on a mannequin)

Lindsay: What do you want?

Brian: (takes the scarf off the mannequin and tests it'selasticity) This.

Lindsay: It's very beautiful.

Brian: (puts the scarf around his neck) You know, maybeyou're right. Maybe I should celebrate turning thirty.(ties the scarf in a knot around his neck) Give myselfsomething very special.

Lindsay: Now you're talking. (she loosens the knot alittle bit and throws the ends of the scarf over hisshoulders)

[At David and Michael's, Michaelis looking in the closet for his flannel shirt to wearfor the party]

Michael: David! David!

David: What is it?

Michael: Where's my plaid flannel? It used to be righthere.

David: Oh, oh, I packed it.

Michael: (David enters the room) What am I supposed towear to Emmett's party? You're supposed to wear flannel.

David: Here. (throws him a shirt) Try that on.

Michael: Thanks.

David: You'll look good in that. That's too small on me,you keep it.

Michael: I don't need your hand-me-downs. (mumbling) WhatI need is...somebody who listens to me.

David: What?

Michael: Well, to think about... what I'm gonna do whenwe get to Portland. I mean, we haven't even discussed it.

David: Okay, let's discuss it.

Michael: W-well, I...I thought that, um...you know, maybeI wouldn't work at another Big Q. You know, that maybeI'd, uh, um, I-I'd try something totally different. Youknow, a whole new track. Maybe e-even go back to college.Um, uh...

David: Oh, I just remembered I told the people who areleasing the house I'd put the screen doors in before weleft.

Michael: Oh, I can do it.

David: No, that's okay. I'll take care of it.

Michael: Well, I used to help my mom put on the screendoors every year.

David: It's okay. I'm good with my hands, remember?

[David puts on his shirt and leaves while Michael standsthere, frustrated]

[Go to Emmett's apartment. Youcan hear various noises like birds chirping and insectsbuzzing. Debbie knocks on the door and Emmett answers]

Deb: Heeeeeyyy! (they hug and Emmett gives her a kiss onthe cheek) Hi, honey.

Emmett: Come in, come in, come in.

Deb: (to Michael) Hey! (Emmett hugs Vic) (to Michael) Hi,baby. (they hug) Aww. (Deb looks around and sees a moosein the middle of the room and everyone decked out inflannel, plus trees and stuff scattered around the room)I feel like I'm in a f*ck' forest! (gives David a hugand he gives her a kiss on the cheek) Oh, it even smellslike a f*ck' forest.

Emmett: That would be the miracle of pine-scented spray.(sprays some)

Vic, Michael and Deb: Oh, God!

Michael: It's supposed to be the Great Northwest, Ma.Make David and me feel at home.

David: All we need now is a bear to sh*t in the woods.

Emmett: Well, I can ask a big hairy Al, who works at theManhole, to come over. He's into scat.

Deb: Oh, Jesus.

Vic: Oh, that's disgusting.

Lindsay: (to Gus) Cover your ears, sweetheart. YourAuntie Em is being gross.

[Vic takes off his jacket and is wearing flannel pajamas.Emmett looks at him]

Vic: What? You said wear flannel.

[Vic laughs and puts his jacket on the antlers of thefake moose in the middle of the room]

Ted: [to Melanie and Lindsay] May I say, you two havenever looked more...butch.

Melanie: (scoffs) Well, neither have you.

[David smiles]

Ted: Flannel. Isn't that l*sbian lingerie? (Almosteveryone laughs)

Melanie: Stick a d*ck in it, would you?

Lindsay: I think that's funny.

[David puts his arm around Michael]

Justin: Where's Brian?

Deb: (holding Gus and talking to him) He's alwaysfashionably late.

[Cut to Brian who is sitting onthe floor in his loft, candles lit, pouring himself adrink and listening to music. He grabs a joint and usesone of the candles to light it. He smokes it and takesdrinks of the liquor. He starts to open a box]

[Cut back to the party. Justinand Lindsay are talking to Blake but then get up and goto the kitchen. Emmett is next to Ted, holding a platefull of pancakes]

Emmett: Have you talked to him yet?

Ted: (reaching for a pancake) Are these buttermilk?(Emmett pulls them away) No. (he takes a drink)

Emmett: Well, may I suggest, as your hostess for theevening, that you do so?

Ted: It's a goodbye party, not an intervention.

Emmett: Then, the sooner you say goodbye, the better.

[Michael walks up]

Michael: You don't have to say goodbye to me right now.I'm not leaving till tomorrow.

Emmett: We weren't talking about you, sweetie.

[Ted and Emmett look at each other]

Ted: (to Michael) So, you all packed?

Michael: Yeah, my entire life is on a moving van headedto Portland.

Emmett: You're not getting cold feet, are you?

Michael: I haven't had cold feet since I lived here.(Emmett chuckles) I remember banging on the pipes so the landlord would turn on some heat.

Emmett: It's better than banging the landlord. (they laugh)

Ted: Well...(they laugh some silence)

Emmett: Well, honey...(getting emotional) if you ever want to come home, you just, um...(starts crying) you just click your heels three times. (he walks away)

Michael: (to Ted) I guess I'll miss you most of all,Scarecrow.

[they hug and Ted starts getting upset. He walks away. Deb and Vic go up to Michael)

Deb: Poor guys. Are they gonna be all right?

Michael: Yeah, they'll be fine. What about you?

Deb: For christ sakes, Michael, you're only going to Portland, not to the moon. They got planes and phones that go both ways, honey.

Michael: And you and Vic can come and visit any time you want.

Deb: We may take you up on that. But like I said, it's no big deal. Isn't that what I've been sayin', Vic?

Vic: She's been sayin' that.

Deb: So give me a hug and that'll be that.

(They start hugging and Deb won't let go)

Michael: Ma? Are you going to let me go?

Deb: I'd like to sweetheart...but I can't.

Michael: What do you mean you can't?

Deb: My arms won't move.

Michael: Ma, you're suffocating me.

Deb: I'm not f*ck' kidding!

Michael: David! Uncle Vic!

David: Oh, okay. Just a second.

Vic: Come on, let's give her a pull. On three...

[Cutback to Brian in his loft. He takes the white scarf out of the box and starts playing/dancing with it]
[Cut back to the party. Michaelis dragging Justin to the side, who is holding a plate of food]

Justin: I didn't touch anything in your room.

Michael: That's not what I wanted to say. Look, I needyou to do me a favor.

Justin: What, disappear?

Michael: I gave up all hope of that happening a long timeago. (Justin laughs) I need you to take care of my momwhile I'm away. Make sure she doesn't work too hard. Andhelp her around the house and- and- and take out thetrash. And if you see that she is lonely, just sit withher a while and let her talk, even if you've heard itbefore, because sometimes she just needs to know thatsomeone's listening.

Justin: I promise.

[They smile and Michael walks away. Later at the party,Ted is watching Blake talk with Melanie, Lindsay andJustin in the kitchen. Blake leaves 'em and goes over toTed. He wraps his arms around the back of Ted]

Blake: I love your friends. They are like family.

Ted: Not "like." They are. (takes a drink)

Blake: Hmm.

Ted: It's because we trust each other. (he walks away)

Blake: Whoa! (he follows him) You don't trust me?

Ted: Do I have reason not to? (silence) All right, look,let's not pretend there isn't a moose in the middle ofthe room, okay? (Blake laughs) I know you're using again.I found one of your little "favors" in thepocket of the suit I bought you.

Blake: Huh, talk about trust?

Ted: I wasn't looking for it, okay. It just fell out.(Blake starts looking around, incredulous) You canbelieve me or not, I really don't care. Since then, I'vebeen trying to pretend I didn't see it. Only I can't. Notwhen I see you destroying your life.

Blake: I was afraid of disappointing you, of failingagain.

Ted: Well, you have. And I can't live with an addict. AndI can't make love to an addict. And that sickens me tothink about what you're doing to a person I happen tocare a whole lot about who obviously cares so littleabout himself. So I have no choice... except to saygoodbye.

[Emmett is standing to the side, watching theirconversation]

Blake: I don't wanna be like this!

[Ted looks at Emmett, who looks away and keeps walking]

Ted: (softly) Then check yourself into rehab.

[Back toBrian's loft, he's tossing the scarf in the air. It keepsfalling down and he keeps tossing it back up]

[At the party, Debbie is holdingGus while talking to Vic. Emmett walks up with a bowl ofjerky]

Emmett: Uh, moose jerky? (Lindsay starts laughing)

[In Emmett's room, Michael and David are having adiscussion]

Michael: It's harder than I thought. Saying goodbye. It'sa good thing we're leaving first thing in the morning.

[David kisses him on the side of the forehead and startsto leave the room. He pauses]

David: Acutally, I changed the reservation for tomorrownight. (he continues to leave)

Michael: What? [David walks back in]

David: I said I changed the reservation until tomo--

Michael: Why didn't you tell me?

David: Well, does it matter?

Michael: Obviously not.

David: Well, Michael, it's just a little change of plan.I've just got a few things I gotta clear up--

Michael: Which I could have helped you with except everytime I offer, you refuse. [Emmett walks in and thenleaves when he sees they're arguing] You have to doeverything yourself!

David: I just thought--

Michael: No, you just thought I couldn't handle it! ThatI can't hang a f*ck' screen door!

[David closes the doors]

David: What the f*ck is wrong with you?

Michael: You just think I'm going to go along, dowhatever you want. On your terms and your time. Like achild, or a-or a trophy wife! You just make all thedecision and I'll just say "yes, dear". Only,I'm the one giving up everything in my g*dd*mn life: myfamily, my friends, my job, to be with you. And I have towonder, that if the situation was reversed, would youhave done the same for me? (silence) Well, I guess that'san answer.

[David stands there for a minute and leaves Michaelalone]

[Brian's loft. He's taking drugsas the scene blurs [from his perspective]. He's jerkingoff and panting. Michael walks in and runs up to him,trying to undo the scarf he's hanging from. They bothfall to the floor]

Brian: Ooh...ooh...(he looks at Michael and chuckles indisbelief) f*ck...you.

Michael: f*ck you!

Brian: as*h*le! (tries to pull his pants up)

Michael: What the f*ck were you doing?

Brian: What the f*ck are you doing?

Michael: I came here to see why you didn't come to myfarewell party.

Brian: What party?

Michael: You know g*dd*mn well. Everybody was there butyou.

Brian: Oh, right. David and Michael's "Farewell InFlannel." (They stand up and Michael picks up thescarf) Well, I've been having a little celebration of myown in honor of my big three-oh.

Michael: With this? (holds out the scarf)

Brian: (picks up the chair and grabs the scarf from him)Yeah, to give myself a very special gift.

Michael: Like what?

Brian: (puts the scarf around his neck) Like the greatestfucking orgasm of my life!

Michael: (grabbing the scarf) Try the last f*cking orgasmof your life! You could k*ll yourself!

Brian: Well, that couldn't be the worst thing that couldhappen. To go out in a blaze of glory...likeCobain...James Dean...Hendrix. (puts the scarf backaround his neck) They're all legends. They'll always beyoung and they'll always be beautiful.

Michael: And they'll always be dead.

Brian: "Life not worth living if you not takerisk."

Michael: You're not going through with it.

Brian: If I want to experience the joys ofscarfing...what the hell business is it of yours?

Michael: It's my business 'cuz I'm the one who'll get thecall that the g*dd*mn cleaning lady's found you hangingfrom the rafters with a f*ck' b*ner!

Brian: (laughing) f*ck you, Michael. f*ck you. Why do youalways have to ruin everything!?!

Michael: Ruin? I'm saving you! Just like Toby Harpersaved Captain Astro in issue two thirty-one of AstroComics. When Captain Astro thought that he'd lost all ofhis super power.

Brian: God, you are so pathetic.

Michael: No. You are! Don't you know that you still haveyour powers? All your powers. And you always will!Whether you're eighteen, or you're thirty, or you'refifty or you're a hundred. You will always be young, andyou will always be beautiful. You're Brian Kinney forfuck's sake!

[Michael kisses him and then brings him in for a hug]

[Ted's walking through a corridor[eating something] to a room where Blake is taking thingsout of a bag]

Ted: Well, the staff seems very nice and really helpful.

Blake: They do.

Ted: And they said you can get anything you want at anytime. You know, they got, uh, snacks all day.

Blake: That's good.

Ted: You know, and, uh, if you need anything, you just,um...

Blake: I-I will.

Ted: Look, I-I want you to know how happy...no, happy'snot the right word. (studders) Not happy, but,uh...greatful and relieved I am that you're doing this.

Blake: Well, it's for us, right?

Ted: Right. (they kiss and hug. Ted sighs and they pullapart) So...I'll see you tonight?

Blake: (he shakes his head 'yes') Tonight. (they kissagain)

Ted: Oh, one more thing before I forget...(digs around inthe bag and pulls out a walkman and a CD) I thought youmight like to listen to that.

Blake: La Traviata.

Ted: (putting his jacket on) You're favorite opera.

Blake: Yeah, it's...the only opera that...I know. (Tedlaughs and starts to leave) Except... (Ted turns around)you said at the end they get back together and sing manyglorious duets.

Ted: Guess that's the sequel. "Traviata 2".

[They wave and Ted leaves]

[At David and Michael's place.David is finishing packing while Michael sits to theside, watching]

David: Considering how you feel, I think it's probably agood idea that you not go.

Michael: You think it's a good idea.

David: For Christ sakes, Michael, what do you want me tosay?

Michael: "We think." You know, if you used theword occasionally, you might actually get used to it.

[David puts his jacket on]

David: You're the one who's obviously decided that it'snot a good idea, only this time it's not about

screendoors or changing flights. This time it's about Brian. Ifyou knew he wasn't leaving, you would have never agreedto go.

[David grabs the suitcase he was packing and starts toleave]

Michael: No, David...(David pauses at the door) you'll behappy to know this time it's not about him. It's aboutyou.

David: The car'll be here any minute.

[He starts walking away and Michael follows him]

Michael: I can take you to the airport.

David: I know you can, but I'd rather you didn't.

Michael: Okay, fine, have it your way.

David: (opens the front door) The way I always do?

Michael: That's not what I was gonna say. I'm sorry.

David: How many times have I told you you don't have tokeep apologizing, Michael?

Michael: I know I don't, but...

David: Aside from that...I'm the one that should beapologizing to you. I'm sorry I disregarded yourfeelings, that I didn't include you in the decisions,that I expected you to come. And, no...I'm not sure thatI could do the same.

[They stand in silence]

Michael: Well, I appreciate that, but that's...that's notwhat I was gonna say. It's not up to you to decide what Ishould do with my life. That's up to me. And if I didn'tdo it, then it's my fault. And... maybe next time Ishould just...I should think things through more clearlybefore I say...yes.

David: Well, I hope you'll decide to change your mind.And if you do...(holds out the ticket to Michael) I'll bewaiting. And this time...on your time, and your terms.

[The car horn honks and Michael takes the ticket as Davidleaves. Michael goes to the door and watches him go]

[Cut to Debbie's. Emmett walksdown the stairs and greets Jennifer, Vic, Debbie, Melanieand Lindsay]

Emmett: Attention everyone! (starts clapping) Rememberthat cute little twink in the midriff tee and fatigueswho went up the stairs? Well, just take a look at who iscoming down.

[Everyone gasps and looks in awe as Justin walks down thestairs in a tux and all ready for the prom]

Deb: Holy sh*t, Sunshine!

Vic: Well, what do you know. The little chicken's becomecock-of- the-walk.

Jen: Sweetheart, you look... (getting emotional)beautiful.

Melanie: Jesus, I could go for you myself.

Lindsay: If I don't beat you to him. (they laugh)

[At the prom, various kids andcouples are dancing, including Justin and Daphne andChris and his date]

[Atrehab, Emmett and Ted are walking to Blake's room, Emmettcarrying a book and Ted carrying flowers, magazines and apizza]

Ted: (scoffs) I can't believe you brought your autographbook with you.

Emmett: Well, you never know who you might see in rehab.

[They laugh as Ted asks the clerk behind the counter tosee Blake]

Ted: Hi, uh, we're here to visit, uh, Blake Wyzecki.

Clerk: Sorry, Blake checked himself out.

Ted: (going to his room) He just... he just checkedhimself in this afternnon.

Clerk: He's gone.

Emmett: What-what-what, you just let people leavewhenever they want?

Clerk: Voluntary commitment. We can't force people tostay.

Ted: Did he say where he was going? Did he-did he leave amessage?

Clerk: Are you Ted?

Ted: That's right.

Clerk: He left this for you.

(The clerk grabs the La Traviata CD and gives it to Ted.Ted sets down the stuff he was holding onto the counterand takes the CD. As he starts to leave, he drops the CDand Emmett starts running after him]

[At the prom, Chris and his dateare making out while Justin and Daphne are still dancing.Brian walks in, wearing the white scarf, and looks forJustin. When he starts walking to him, Daphne sees Brianand points him out to Justin, who turns around andwatches as he walks up to them. Justin's obviouslyexcited as Brian tries to play it cool]

Justin: I thought you said you wouldn't be caught dead ina room full of eighteen-year-olds.

Brian: I thought I'd recapture my lost youth. (he turnsto Daphne) You look hot, Daphne. (he kisses the side ofher face as she giggles) I'd f*ck you.

Daphne: Uh, you-you, too, Brian.

Brian: Mind if I borrow your date?

Daphne: (mouths) No.

[She walks off as Brian leads Justin onto the middle ofthe dance floor where they dance to "Save the LastDance." Everyone stops dancing to watch them. Chrisis obviously not pleased.)

Music:

Ben E. King and The Drifters

Save the Last Dance for Me

#You can dance

Every dance with the guy

Who gives you the eye

Let him hold you tight

You can smile

Every smile for the man

Who held your hand

Beneath the pale moonlight

But don't forget who's taking you home

And in whose arms you're gonna be

So darlin', save the last dance for me

Oh, I know

That the musics fine

Like sparkling wine

Go and have your fun

Laugh and sing

But while we're apart

Don't give your heart to anyone

And don't forget who's taking you home

And in whose arms you're gonna be

So darlin', save the last dance for me

[Cut to Michael, sitting alone atthe table in David's place, looking at the airlineticket]

#Baby don't you know I love you so

Can't you feel it when we touch

I will never never let you go

I love you oh so much

[Back at the prom, Brian andJustin are still dancing while everyone watches. Justintakes off Brian's jacket and tosses it to Daphne. Theycontinue some more fancy moves and dips and spins andthen they kiss in front of everyone while Brian twirlsJustin. Chris looks pissed as he watches. Daphne smilesas they keep kissing and finally they run off to the sidewhen they're done, leaving the prom]

#You can dance

Go and carry on

Till the night is gone

And it's time to go

If he asks

If you're all alone

Can he take you home

You must tell him no

Cause don't forget who's taking you home

And in whose arm's you're gonna be

So darlin save the last dance for me

Cause don't forget who's taking you home

And in whose arm's you're gonna be

So darlin save the last dance for me

Save the last dance for me

Mmmmh, save the last dance for me

Mmmmh, save the last dance for me

Mmh, save the last dance for me #

[At the airport, Michael isrunning down the halls, trying to make it to the airplanebefore it leaves]

Loudspeaker: American Airlines, flight four seven six,now boarding at gate...

[Michael gets in a long line to go through the securitycheckpoint and spots a stewardess of whom he gets herattention]

Michael: Stewardess? Stewardess, has flight nine-ninetyleft yet?

Stewardess: I believe they've already started boardinggate thirty-nine. You wanna make it, you better hurry.

[he cuts in line and gets through the checkpoint]

[At the garage, Brian and Justinare playing around, holding hands, as they walk toBrian's jeep]

Justin: (singing) And don't forget who's taking you home(Brian joins in with him) and in who's arms you're gonnabe...(they embrace but keep walking)

Justin: Did you see their faces?

Brian: Yeah. We gave them a prom they'll never forget.

[They're standing right outside the jeep]

Justin: Me, neither.

[Brian takes off the scarf and puts it around Justin'sneck, plastering him up against the jeep]

Justin: It's the best night of my life.

Brian: Even if it was ridiculously romantic.

[Brian goes into kiss him, then hesitates. They kiss andthen Brian pulls him away from the jeep]

Brian: Later.

Justin: (softly) Later.

[Justin laughs and starts walking away while Brian getsin the jeep. He looks back, smiling until he sees Chriscome up behind Justin, carrying a baseball bat. He openshe door and gets out of the jeep]

Brian: Justin!

[Justin turns around, smiling, as Chris bashes him in thehead. Brian runs towards them and pushes Chris down,taking the bat and hitting Chris in the guts when hetries to run away)

Chris: Owww! Ahhh! (Brian drops the bat) God...damnit!

[Brian runs over to Justin, who is lying on the ground,and leans over his body]

Brian: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. No, no, no. God!

[Back at the airport, Michaeltries to shove his bag in the slot that allows you howmuch you can carry on board. David is sitting on theplane, waiting to see if Michael is coming. He dusts offthe seat. Back inside the airport, Michael pulls out hisbag from the slot and starts walking onto the terminalthat leads to the plane. His cell phone rings and hepulls it out. He pauses when he sees who the caller isand slowly puts it to his ear. He starts walking down thecorridor but stops abruptly and drops his bag. David isstill sitting on the plane, waiting]

Music:

Jan Garbarek & The Hilliard Ensemble

Parce mihi Domine

Parce mihi Domine, nihil enim sunt dies mei.

[Two paramedics open the backdoors of an ambulance and pull out the stretcher carryingJustin, his bandaged head and shirt covered in blood, hisneck in a brace, hooked up to oxygen. Brian walks out ofthe ambulance, blood on him as well, holding the bloodsoaked scarf he had given Justin. He follows theparamedics into the hospital. Brian looks old)

#Quid est h*m*, quia magnificas eum?

Aut quid apponis erga eum cor tuum?

[Cut to inside the hospital, in ahallway, where Brian is sitting by himself, the bloodyscarf around his neck. Michael walks up, sits down nextto him and puts an arm around his shoulders, runs hishand through Brian's hair. Close up shot of Brian, tearsstreaking his face, blood on his lips.]

[Hecloses his eyes, and when he opens them, he imagineshimself, Justin and Michael running down the hospitalhallway when they where there for Gus's birth. Back topresent day, he sits there, more tears running, asMichael tries to comfort him by massaging his neck, etc.Brian just stares straight in front of him as Michaellooks back down the hall. Fade out to black]

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